THE MISERIE OF FLAVNDERS, CAlamitie of Fraunce, Misfortune of Portugall, Unquietnes of Irelande, Troubles of Scotlande: And the blessed State of ENGLANDE.

Written by Tho. Churchyarde Gent.

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TO THE QVEENES MOST

excellent Maiestie, Thomas Church-

yard, wisheth all heauenly blessednesse, worldly felicitie, and vnremouable good Fortune.

Auyng a duetifull desire, moste redoubted soueraigne, to be daily exercised in some seruisable deuice and action (that maie please my Prince and countrey) I neither spare paines nor season, to purchace through practise of pen, and studie of heade, my desired hope.

But waiyng the greatnesse of your Maiestie and Princely iudgement, I am to seeke, not onely what woordes dooeth best become me, but likewise what woorkes I should present, especially to her highnesse, that hath suche giftes frō the heauens, as all our earthly imaginations, & base matter here belowe, maie of right giue place vnto.

And to offer any present where suche parfections doe abounde, and the fountaine of many graces dooeth freely flowe, the presumption were greate, and the boldenesse scarce pardonabel. Yet moste gracious Ladie, albeit I dare

not bryng water to the well heade of knowledge, and comfortable ſpryng (frō whence all kinde of people doe drawe ſuccour and releef) yet my hope is, that my humble and vpright meanyng (of this my woorke) ſhall finde fauour in your highneſſe ſight.

In whiche worke I compare, Flaunders, Fraūce, Portugall, Irelande, and Scotlande, to bee the ſhell of a precious Nutte, the ſweete Kirnell whereof is the bleſſed ſtate of ENGLANDE. And though with worldly wickedneſſe, and troubles of our tyme, the goodly ſhell is ſomewhat wormeaten and cracked, the Kirnell ſhewes it ſelf ſo ſounde, that Gods greate goodneſſe & glorie is partly or altogether therein expreſſed.

And now by my verſes and deſcription is onely touched (by all curtuous and reuerent meanes) but the troubles and miſſortunes of euery countrie a parte, goyng no further in any fraſe of ſpeeche, then Chriſtian zeale, loue, and duetie maie commaunde a good minde to ſette out, as knoweth our liuyng Lorde, who ſende your Maieſtie many good and gracious newe yeres, with a bleſſed and proſperous olde raigne ouer vs.

FINIS.

THE MISERIE of Flaunders.

THE ſoile and welthie ſeate,
where people plentie founde,
w ſcarcitie ſcorge is plaged ſore,
and made a barraine grounde:
where fruitfull pleaſures greate,
was lookt for in our daies,
And where for wealthe, & worthie thyngs,
did ronne our worldly praiſe.
O what a chaunge is this,
that neighbours mourne therefore,
And forraine foes are greeu'd at harte,
to ſee the cureleſſe ſore:
That now no ſence can ſaue,
nor witte can helpe in haſte,
Nor man maie ſone, by force reforme,
till warrs and will maks waſte.
O Hanocke Reuells ſonne,
and Riotte ſiſter dere:
To foule miſrule, a mother vice,
that raignde full many a yere.
In vice and corners cloaſe,

O nourſe of noughtie prancks:
And needleſſe pains and labour loſte,
that can deſerue no thanks.
Why ſhould I blame abuſe,
where Gods greate wrath bears ſwaie,
And peoples heads, will haue it ſo,
and worldlie witts decaie:
So ronnyng on the race,
of crooked careleſſe ſtepps,
Out goes good order at a iompe,
and in rude maner lepps.
That at his firſte rebounde,
ſhaks all in ſonder ſtreight:
And eche thyng cracks, that feels the force,
of wilfull hauocks weight.
Now leaue that long diſcourſe,
that hatefull hauocke bryngs:
(By meane of rage, and reuell route)
and ſpeake of other thyngs.
That Flaunders groens to feele,
and ſondrie ſighe to ſee:
And none but wails that weyes the weight,
of ſtacts in eche degree.
Why ſhould riche Flaunders now,
to Fortune poore giue place:
That had the harte, and happe with all,

from

from harmes to holde her face,
Among the beste of name,
that wealthie state could showe:
Doe aske no more but leaue the cause,
to hym that all doeth knowe.
Yet I with speeches free,
maie tell what troubles are:
In Flaunders now, for that their broils,
began of countreis care.
And matters fitte for penne,
awhile to treate vpon:
Good whetstons for to sharpe dull witts,
the reste I looke not on.
That seru's for speciall sweetts,
that seeth through Moone and Starre:
So thus to leaue of weightie thyngs,
and come to Flaunders warre.
(That worlde bewails and weeps,
that sees thereof the ende:
And knowes that head and shoulders must,
their countries cause defende.)
My muse bidds me bee bolde,
for therein wants no skill:
To vse apt words, and searche out wourks,
to straine the pynkehorne quill.
For causes knowne to worlde,

then why if men maie aſke,
Doeth Flaunders learne the dolefull daunce,
and comes in open Maſke,
With drom and trompet loude,
to wake the woꝛlde from ſleepe:
That at ſweete reſte and peace will laugh,
and at ſoꝛꝛe warre will weepe.
Why doeth freends faule at iarre,
and ſlide in ſects by ſwarms:
And heapyng miſcheef on their heads,
are grounde of their owne harms.
Why leaps ſome from their holde,
and taks the weakeſt parte:
And ſo foꝛſaketh God and man,
to winne a woꝛlde by arte.
Why hacils the hoꝛſſes wꝛong,
that in right courſe ſhould goe:
Why doe the wiſe heads embꝛace ſelf will,
and weaue a webbe of woe:
The cauſe doeth ſhewe it ſelf,
foꝛ where diſſention is,
There are fewe matters well in frame,
and many thyngs amis:
Now is no nother noyes,
but howlyng vp and downe:
And doubt and daunger bꝛyngs greate feare,

in many a noble towne.
Now wanders peoples mynds,
like waues of troubled seas:
And neither man nor childe God wot,
is free from warrs diseas.
Death dwells in eche mans doore,
and threatens mischeeus greate:
The riche but macks a hongrie meale,
the poore he starus for meate.
Was neuer seen suche want,
in any soile before:
And feawe haue little commyng in,
but spendeth on the store.
The Soldiour liu's by spoile,
the Marchaunts trade is don:
The Plowman letts the plowe alone,
and out poore people ron:
As though that men were madde,
and knowe not where to goe:
In doubt to finde a faithfull freend,
and sure to meete a foe.
The *Pater noster* men,
or *Mal content*, thei saie:
Hath brought our people suche a plague,
as breeds their whole decaie.
Eche Christian harte doeth weepe

to

The miſerie

to knowe the carefull cace:
Of Flaunders now, who to the chaunge,
of woꝛldlie chaunce giu's place.

FINIS.

THE CALAMITIE of Fraunce.

What kyngdome maie,
compare with wofull Fraunce,
whose ciuill warres,
did laste God wot too long:
The mightie men,
thereby felt greate mischaunce,
The feeble folke,
were forcst to suffer wrong,
And no estate, was free from scath and foile,
Suche furie raingde, in rage of peoples mynds,
The weaklyngs went, to ruin, to wracke, and spoile,
As trees be torne, with blast and whirlyng wynds,
Strong goodly tounes, were beaten doune to grounde
Hye walls and towers, were battred flat as Lake,
when trompetts blast, and drum did slaughter sounde,
And bloudie blade, did wicked murther make.
O listen now, and heare my tale a while,
The warrs of Fraunce, so sharpe and cruell weare,
The sonne hymselfe, the father would begile,
And brother still, of brother stoode in feare,
With poison foule, and murther euery wheare.

The countrey through, was spred and plaged sore,
And for to make, the scourge and mischeef more,
One frende by crafte, the other would betraie,
And suretie none, in Princes pallaice stoode,
The house of God, where people ought to praie,
And aulter stone, was daiely stainde with blood.
The streats was filde, with corses vilie slaine,
And in the streame, and floud the babes were flong,
And Ladies throats, with knives were cutte in twaine
There was no hope, when larumbell was rong,
Bothe wives with childe, and little children yong,
Were stabbed in, with Daggers diuers waies,
Some from their bedds, were floung a mid the streete,
Suche murthers Lorde, were in those bloodie daies:
As women laie, without a cloute or sheete,
(All deade and bare, a rufull sight to see)
In open plaine, yea men of auncient yeers,
Were mangled sore, and some of high degree:
And noble race, and of the *Douze* Peers,
Were naked lefte, and wounded to the death,
And goodlie girlls, laie groulyng voide of breath:
In market place, the furie was so greate,
The rage was suche, that none might scape the sworde
Nor nothyng could, ne coole nor quenche the heate:
Of Ciuill warre, that bothe at bedde and borde:
Was bloodie still, and yet the more was slaine,

The more the broile, and greef began againe.
To tell you all, their battailes here a rowe,
Would moue your minde, and heauie harte to teares,
At sondrie tymes, their owne reporte doeth showe,
(And good recorde, thereof true witnesse beares.)
Thei lost in feeld, twoo hundreth thousande men,
Yet still their mindes, on murther ran so faste,
Thei went about, nothyng but bloodshed then,
To fight it out, as long as life might laste,
Reuenge did woorke, and weaue an endlesse webbe,
Desire of will, a wofull threede did spinne,
The floode of hate, that neuer thinks of ebbe,
A swellyng Sea, of strife brought gulbyng in.
The rooted wrathe, had spred suche braunches out,
That leaues of loue, were blasted on the bowe,
Yet spitfull twiggs, began so faste to sprout,
That from the harte, the tree was rotten throwe.
No kindly sappe, did comforte any spraie,
Bothe barke and stocke, and bodie did decaie.
So that it seemde, the soile infected was,
With malice moods, that smells of mischeef greate,
Their golden lande, was tournde to rustic Bras:
And eche thyng wrought, as God had curst the seate,
The groũd thought scorne, to bryng forth frute in time
The Vines did rotte, the blade would beare no corne,
Like Winter foule, became the Sommers Prime,

The pleasant plotts, brought forth wilde brier & thorn
With Raine and stormie, the lande was vexed still,
The ire of God, the people could not shunne,
Greate grewe the greef, that came by headstrong will,
And all these plagues, by proude conceite begonne,
That thought to rule, perhapps past reasons lore,
Treate that who please, my muse not framde therefore:
Of warrs and woe, I meane my penne to straine.
In breef discourse, for *Wisedomes* vieu alone,
I skippe ouer doubts, I dare not be to plaine,
Least fire flie out, from flinte and stricken stone.
Those broils abroche, the realme ran all to ruen:
The heads waxte sicke, the members were amis,
The notes were nought, the song was out of tune,
And badde is best, where suche rude Musick is.
Blood was so sought, that Butcherie boare the swaie,
A man and beast, were waied bothe a like:
The Shepe must dye, the Wolfe would haue his praie,
The riche would rule, the poore must paie the pike,
The house must burne, that could not make defence,
The head must of, that had more witte then needs,
The fullest baggs, were searched for their pence.
The vains were sought, that moste the humour feeds,
The good might starue, the badde found all the grace,
The wise might walke abroade, and tell the trees,
The faunyng fooles, were moste prefarde in place:

The Waspes would sucke, the honie from the Bees,
And to be plaine, abuse in all degrees,
Bred nought but warre, and nourisht suche debate,
That all to torne, did lye that noble state.
And when one race, or noble house did rise,
With force of armes, to make reuolte or stoer,
Tenne thousande flockt, as thicke as starrs in skies.
About the streats, before the Princes doore,
No woords might serue, nor reason could preuaile:
The people waxte, as wilde as chafed Deere,
yea though thei heard, their wiues bothe wepe & waile,
Their children crie, their frends make mournyng chere
To bloodie fight, in furie fell thei all,
And though on heaps, dead coarses laie in vieu,
The people made, accounte thereof but small.
For battaile did, but malice still renue.
A greate mans death, coste many small mens liues,
A small offence, did make a greate adoo,
when men forget, their children and their wiues,
And madlie faulls, to hate their countrey too.
A little sparke, will make a marucilous fire,
And then bothe Prince, and Lawe is out of minde:
Good rule is drounde, and children doo conspire,
Their fathers deaths, and kinsmen out of kinde,
Doo turne and change, as weather Cocke with winde.
O Fraunce, who lookes, vpon thy bloodie waies,

And notes but halfe, the pageant thou hast plaied:
Will be therefore, the wiser all their daies,
Or at the least, will howrely bee afraied.
To plaie suche prankes, as thou poore France hast doon
Thou hadst a tyme, and wretched race to run.
For others weale, that can good warnyng take,
Thy neighbours haue, had laisure to regarde,
The harms of thee, and so a mirrour make:
Of thy greate doole, and dulfull destinie harde.
Can greater plagues, bee seen in any soile:
Then, reuell rage, and hauocke euery waie,
A ciuill warre, with wicked waiste and spoile.
A deadlie botche, that strikes stoute harte by daie.
And kills by night, the harmles in his bedde,
O ciuill warre, thou hast a Hidras hedde:
A Vipers kinde, a Serpentes nature throwe,
A Spiders shape, a forme of vglie Tode:
A Deuilishe face, a shameleste blotted browe,
A bloodie hande, at home and eke abrode.
And if a man, would painte a monster right,
Set out in shape, but ciuill warre to sight:
Painte all the harms, that cruell murther brynges,
And sure that Snake, will shewe ten thousande stinges.
A man maie not, in colours setfor the well,
A rude reuolt, a wretched ciuill brawll:
Ye were as good, assaie to painte out hell,

And

And seeke to shewe, the sorts of torments all,
That sillie souls, doo feele with damned spreetts.
Who sees reuolte, in feeld or ciuill streetts,
Will thinke he meetts, madd doggs disguisde like men,
Or els wilde Wolues, that liues in sauage woode:
It passeth witte, and cunnyng arte of pen,
To blase out warrs, began on mortall foode.
And namely broills, that breeds in publike state,
The cause whereof, bothe God and man doeth hate.
O France the flowre, and gardaine of the earth,
The soile of wealthe, and topp of triumphe all:
Where is become, thy pastyme and thy mirthe,
Thy glorie greate, that worldlie ioyes we call.
Hath wilde reuolt, made tame thy gallants gaie,
Fie on that braule, that breeds so greate a fraie.
Fie on that warre, that bryngs riche people bare.
And foule befaule, the birds that files their neaste,
Reuolte bryngs realms, and mightie kyngs in care,
And roots vp peace, and plants discord in breaste.
Though wilfull heads, in haste reuenge will take,
And for some shreaude, deuise drawes out the blade,
Beware through heate, how ciuill warre you make:
It wounds the state, and marrs all honest trade,
It roots sound harts, and spoils eche commonweale,
A cureles sore, that no sweete salue can heale.
The sorrie mischaunce, that Fraunce hath felt thereby,

(And

The calamitie

(And slaughters greate, whiche lasted many a yere)
Doth stande so freshe, and full before your eye,
That worlde maie see, men bought that warre ful dere:
The flood of strife, did run so through the realme,
Some dreggs must needs, be left behinde the streame.
In whiche deepe drosse, maie lye more harme then good
God shield eche lande, that loues and fears the Lorde,
From suche abuse, and thirsting after blood,
And plant therein, sweete peace and milde accorde:
From whiche pure tree, there springs a precious balme,
That keeps of stormis, and brings a quiet calme.

FINIS.

THE MISFORTVNE of Portugalle.

AS fraunce did smarte,
through rage of ciuill warre,
And flaunders is,
not free from suche like foile:
So other soils,
by meane of wicked iarre,
when least is thought, are offred to the spoile.
whose wretched ruen, the wise doeth daicly rewe,
To make the fonde, reforme their life a newe:
But where was peace, and loue long linked faste,
And people wart, bothe riche and stoute of minde,
If their mishappe, and mischeef come at laste,
what harte in breast, or man is so vnkinde:
That will not waile, the woe of suche a lande,
who God alone, hath toucht with mightie hande.
In Portugall, befell a dolfull cace,
The straungest chaunce, that hath bin heard of late,
There was a kyng, who had greate gifts of grace,
A Princely sparke, of goodly porte and state:
And as his shape, was semely to the sight,

So loe within, his minde was shapte a right.
For forme of face, and other outwarde shoes,
Were aunswered full, with greatnesse of the harte:
And in that Prince, as now report there goes,
Of speciall points, was many a noble parte.
Among the reste, was one full muche to note,
He sought no will, nor would of women dote,
Desirde renowne, and yet despisde delite,
And loathed luste, yet loude a merrie meane,
To pastyme bent, yet banisht pleasure quite,
And glad to leade, a life moste pure and cleane.
And alwaies ment, to doe some mightie deede,
Against the Turkes, suche noble mynde he boze:
That of the like, a man maie hardly reede,
And in our daies, was seldome seen before,
Well, what auails, to blase his vertues moze.
His minde was suche, he would not idle sitte,
He helde good fame, moze wozth then heaps of gold:
And to maintaine, his courage and his witte,
Against the Mores, a powze prepare he would.
So with his freends, and suche as wisht hym well,
He shippyng tooke, and spread the seas with sails,
But now I haue, a wofull tale to tell.
And now in deede, my muse bothe weeps and wails,
And I my self, of right ought be full sadd,
To shewe at large, what ill successe he had,

Bothe

Bothe he and his, full safly sette on shore,
On enemies' ground, and rangyng where thei would:
His foes hym mette, and fought with hym so sore:
(Whose strength and force, were stronger treble fold.)
That he was slaine, and all his people loste:
And fewe of them, retourned home againe,
Suche was their fate, that sought that cursted coste.
To make vs muse, that doeth a liue remaine,
And make vs knowe, by this greate foughten feeld:
There is no life, but must to Fortune yeeld.
For at one tyme, three kynges made there their ende,
But none of them, maie christen men lament:
Sauc this good kyng, to whom the Lorde did sende,
A sodaine fall, to our greate discontent.
Yea, waie the losse, and worthe of christen bloode,
And let the case, be throughly vnderstoode.
There was not suche, a losse these hundreth yeers,
Be iudge thereof, that knowes what Princes are:
And of the state, and rule of kyngdoms heers,
And Portugall, thou luckelesse lande of care,
Be thou the iudge, if I speake trothe or noe,
Looke how thou wilte, thou canst not hide thy woe:
In mournyng blacke, let all thy people goe:
Proclaime a fast, and stretche your hands on hie,
And in the streats, for sorrowe houle and crie.
For since thy kyng, is taken from thee thus,

That was before, sent thee to thy greate ioye:
There is behinde, a sorer plague yewus,
If carelesse heads, of earnest make a toye.
Could more mishappe, to any soile befall,
Then lose the Lampe, that gaue the countrey light:
(And in the darke, can finde no torche at all,
Nor candell clere, to walke in Winters night,)
Could Fortune worke, to men a worse despite:
Then take awaie, their hope and comfort quite.
Could people lose, a Pearle of greater price:
Then suche a Gem, as worlde con scarcly showe.
Could Heathen men, wishe any worse deuice,
To vs, then giue, so greate an ouerthrowe.
I feare the bacbs, that learns their Christs crosse row,
Will quaile for this, when we are in our graue.
The losse is yet, like fruite that is but greene,
On goodlie trees, that blasted is with winde:
But when the want, of apples shalbe seene,
With more regarde, the matter shall we minde.
Leaue that to hym, that gius and taks awaie,
Who can at length, his secrte will bewraie.
Now sheepe from fold, maie ron and meete the wolfe,
Now gide is gone, the flocke to ruen must fall:
Now greef paste cure, comes in through gushyng golfe,
Now Prince is dead, adue poore Portugall.
Thy date is doen, except for deastnie straunge,

God

God sende some chaunce, to counterpaise the chaunge.
In Skies of late, was seen a blasyng Starre,
A Comete bright, that threatned plags at hande,
Which did presage, perhapps this bloodie warre,
And Plags that are, a brotche in many a lande.
God is displeasd, and sure his wrathe is greate,
When Turcks doe scorge, and plage the chysten kings:
This angrie signe, and fearfull sodaine heate,
Maks wisemen waie, the weight of further things.
Where mightie trees, are rent with thunder cracke,
With tremblyng feare, the people homeward ronne:
The tempests rage, that bryngeth ruen and wracke,
Where daunger is, eche liuyng thyng will shonne:
So suche as see, where plague or warrs encreace,
Will seeke for healthe, and praie to liue in peace.

FINIS.

THE VNQVIETNES of Irelande.

TO treate of Irelands toile,
and tell the troubles now,
(and paint you out in prose or vers,
the countries sorowe thorowe)
would sure containe more tyme
and earnest matter bothe,
Thã eally mẽ would spare to sped
or worlde would thinke a trothe.
For there these many yeres,
hath strief in state been stirde,
And seldome in the quiet sheath,
can reste the trenchyng sworde.
The soldiours that are sent,
to keepe the lande in awe:
Are faine to marche through thicke and thinne,
and after lye in strawe,
And feede on what thei finde,
but loe plaine countrey men,
Doeth saie our horse, eats vp their corne,
and Coignie now and then.
Waks wife and children crie,

and

and leaus the lande full bare:
Tis hard to knowe if commons poore,
or soldiours feels moste care.
The greef so common is,
that eche one beares a peece,
And God he knowes who licks the fatte,
or shears awaie the fleece.
But now to tell the toile,
and trauaill soldiours take,
To those that knowes not what it means,
it would a wonder make.
For who that there can serue,
and suffer what doeth fall,
Maie bide the bront of any warre,
in Christen kyngdoms all:
The strength and straits are suche,
that men must passe somtyme.
The rocks and mountains are so straunge,
whereon the soldiours clime:
Thei can not well be tolde,
nor numbred here a right.
And touchyng mightie woods and boggs,
I could name suche a sight:
As would you wearie make,
to read or looke vpon,
And who demaunds the trothe of those,

that hath the iourneis gon.
Shall heare a thouſande thyngs,
whiche worthie is the note,
The labor,paine,and proofe thereof,
will neuer be forgote.
Some feels it in their ioynts,
and ſhall whiels liues theibeare,
And ſo be bolde,who tries that ſoile,
maie venter any where:
For toile doeth daiely growe,
amidde that troubled lande,
But how the cauſe thereof doth riſe,
with wiſedome bee it ſcande.
To heare the people crie,
and ſee their bare eſtate,
Would ſure moue teares in any eye,
that doeth the countrey hate.
I can but wiſhe them well,
my ductie claims the ſame,
For that they are our neighbors nere
and ought with equall name,
Like ſubiects liue with vs,
for ſince one Prince wee haue,
One minde & maner ſhould we ſhew,
good order that doeth craue.
The hande doeth loue the arme,

and

and arme with leggs agree,
And all the ioynts the bodie bears,
in perfite peace must bee:
So head shall well bee serude,
but where those members iarre,
There wil burst out some bold abuse
some braule, or irksom warre.
Though Irelande hath bin long,
in moste vnquiet race,
It wil be well, when God shall plant,
in peoples harts his grace:
I hope to see that daie,
and that in season short,
That my plain pen shall finde greate cause,
to yelde them good report.

FINIS.

THE TROBLES of Scotlande.

IF Flaunders, Fraunce,
or Portugall compare,
with Scotlande now,
for troubles, straunge it were:
For that is soile,
of sorrowe and of care,
And cheefest seate,
of sadnesse any where.
That ofte hath had, within it selfe suche stoore,
As spoilde the lande, and kept the countrey poore:
And when that warrs, awhile had taken leaue,
(And woe bade want, to laie doune speare and sheelde:)
The one by sleight, the other would deceaue,
And than sharpe swoorde, should plead the case in feelde.
Yea in the house, shoort dagger did the deede,
when murther might, serue tyme or turne for neede:
And nousled thus, thei were Godwot in blood,
In rage thei would, not spare, ne hye nor lowe:
Not one might buye, his life for worldly good,
If murthryng hands, were bent to giue the blowe:
Their hainous actes, sufficient proofe doeth showe,

I neede not name, the persons thei haue slaine:
For slaughters crie, through highest clouds doeth goe,
And daicly craues, of God redresse againe.
The murtheryng minde, is neuer free from foe,
Nor sure of freende, nor yet of life in fine,
But dwells in doubt, and lius like cursled Caine:
O happie wight, that hath suche grace deuine,
That neuer will, his harte nor conscience staine,
With brothers blood: and blessed is that hedde,
And hande withall, that neuer blood did shedde.
Bothe beasts and birds, will fall out sondrie waies,
And striue awhile, and yet at length agree:
But as thei waste, their coller so decaies,
And cleane forgotte, the quarrells are you see.
Shall man, that hath, the reason to forbeare,
Bee worse then beast: O God that fault forbid,
Shall malice finde, a place and succour there,
Where Gods greate gifts, ought lye like treasure hid:
Shall harts of men, (the temple of the Lorde)
Lodge murther vile, and nourishe foule discorde:
Shall those that knowes, what lawe & peace is worth,
Breake Lawe and Peace, and breede dissention still:
The tree is badde, that brings suche braunches forth:
The heedes are baine, that shewes no deeper skill.
The ground is nought, that breeds but scratting briers
And soile not good, where murther still appiers.

And yet the grounde, can beare no blame of this,
Mens harts vnsounde, turns many thyngs amis.
Or els the fate, that is from heauen sent,
And cruell course, of Planetts, maie be cause:
That people are, to troubles daisly bent,
And so forgetts, good rule and wholsome lawes.
If Planetts could, woorke that effecte in man,
Where should Gods grace, haue force and vertue than?
It were a faulte, and errour wonders greate,
To trust or thinke, that Planetts could doe ought,
In man who taks, his force and kindly heate,
His forme and shape, his sence and feelyng thought,
From hym that sitts, aboue the Starrs and sees,
How Planetts moue, and how the worlde agrees.
Would God those soiles, where greatest iarrs haue bin,
And all the sorts, and people of the same:
Would from henceforthe, suche trade of life begin,
As in our worlde, might purchace endlesse fame.
For bloodie brauls, that hurlie burlie breeds,
With murthers foule, and treasons voide offeare,
Coms out of vice, and spryngs from wicked seeds.
Thei are a drosse, and Darnell in good Corne:
A gracelesse graine, that poisons man and beaste:
An open plague, a priuie prickyng thorne:
A bankette fine, to grace a filthie feaste:
A dishe of swill, dreste vp like daintie cheare:

A meſſe of brothe, that marrs the Dinner quite:
A colde conceite, of Cookrie bought full deare:
A conning knacke, of knauerie ſpiefte with ſpite:
A tricke newe learnde, beyonde the Alps I trowe:
A toye brought home, by thoſe that trauells farre:
A ſimple Snake, a ſmiling ſutteil ſhrowe:
A ſigne of Peace, but grounde of greeuous warre.
What can be named, of all vile earthly thyngs,
But murthers reache, and monſtrous treaſon bryngs:
The lande that hath, amiſs his bowels bred,
This ſore diſeaſe, and will no medſon take:
Is ſure not well, and ſicke from feete to hed,
And of it ſelf, but ſmall account doeth make.
No ſtate can ſtande, where Juſtice bears no ſwaie,
The leggs are laue, that full of humours are:
The man muſt fall, that hath no certaine ſtaie,
Where vertue wants, vice walks but thin and bare.
A patched waule, is ſhakte a ſonder ſtreight:
It laſts no while, that is ſet vp by ſleight:
Our Nature hates, the thyng that is not good:
And ſuche as halte, are ſpied by vpright ſence:
And kinde abhors, the blade embrued in blood:
Who ſtriks the weake, that can not make defence,
Dare not in feeld, a point to meete his foe.
Who macks a bande, to murther one alone,
Loues neither Prince, nor commonwealth I knowe:

And

And who delites, to here the giltlesse grone,
Doeth beare mans shape, and Tygers nature showe:
Well, let that passe, greate troubles maie a rise,
In angrie worlde, that is displeasde for nought:
But suche as fall, to murther are not wise,
Their witts can not, conceiue how man was wrought
Nor who regards, the wrongs good people haue:
Whils giltlesse blood, a right reuenge doeth craue.

FINIS.

THE BLESSED
ſtate of Englande.

What bleſſed hap, and happie daies,
our Kyngdome doeth poſſes,
the welthe & peace that here aboũds
to worlde maie well expres:
What greater ioye cã people haue
than reſt and riches bothe?
And many other fruitfull thyngs,
that on thoſe braunches groweth.
What earthly fame, is like to this?
what wiſedome can bee more?
Than ſhunne the broiels, that follie brynges,
and laie vp wealthe in ſtore.
For warrs when cauſe commaunds the ſame,
what can wee wiſhe ſo well
Than, at a tyme of troubles greate,
in quiet houſe to dwell.
But waye a while with iudging witte;

What woe our neighbours taste:
VVhat wealthe goes out, what worlds vnreste
comes in with warre and waste,
A lustie brute, cries all for warre,
and suche as little haue:
VVith Princes paie, or poore mens goods,
would faine goe gaie and braue,
But tastyng warrs, bothe he and more,
that buyes their knowledge dere,
That goes out well, coms home with losse,
and than rests quiet here.
Cries out of warrs, finds fault with toile,
and trusts to that will laste,
And so with sadde and heauie minde,
forgetts the labours paste:
And faulls to take the ease we here
enioye, with peace at home.
A Iewell whiche full fewe we shall finde,
that lists abrode to rome.
For rounde about vs euery where,
the worlde so runs on wheels:

That we are blest that here no parte,
of their affliction feeles.
Here haue wee scope to skippe or walke,
to ronne and plaie at base:
Still voide of feare, and free of minde,
in euery poincte and cace.
Here freends maie meete and talke at will,
the Prince and Lawe obaied:
And neither straunge, nor home borne childe,
of Fortune stands afraied.
Here hands doe reape the seeds thei sowe,
and heads haue quiet sleeps:
And wisedome gouerns so the worlde,
that reason order keeps.
Here mercie rules, and mildenesse raigns,
and peace greate plentie brynges:
And sollace in his sweetest voice,
the Christmas carrowle syngs.
Here freends maie feast, and triumphe too,
in suertie voide of ill:
And one the other welcome make,

With mirthe and warme good will.
The grounde it brynges ſuche bleſſyng forthe,
that glad are forrains all:
Amid their want, and harde extreems,
in fauour here to faull.
Heer wounded ſtaets doe heale their harms,
and ſtraungers ſtill repaire;
VVhen miſcheef makes them marche abroad,
and driue them in diſpaire.
Heer thouſands haunt and finde releef,
that are in heauie eace:
And freendly folke with open armes,
doeth ſillie ſoules enbrace.
Heer thyngs are cheape, and eaſily had,
no ſoile the like can ſhowe:
No ſtate nor Kyngdome at this daie,
doeth in ſuche plentie flowe.
The trau'lar that hath paſte the worlde,
and gone through many a lande:
VVhen he comes home, and noets theſe thyngs,
to heauen holds vp hande:

And

And muſeth how this little plotte,
can yeeld ſuche pleaſures greate:
Jt argues where ſuche graces growe,
that God hath bleſt the ſcate.
Bothe Prince and people euery one,
and where his bleſſyng is,
There neither wants no earthly ioye,
nor hope of heauens blis.
This ILE, is Kirnell of the Nutte,
and thoſe that neare vs dwell,
(Our forraine neighbours rounde about,)
J counte them but the ſhell:
That holdeth in this Kirnell ſweete,
as Nature hath aſſiende.
And as ſome ſhells worme eaten are,
yet Kirnell ſounde we finde:
So ſondrie ſoils, about this Ile,
are crackt, and croſhte ye knowe:
VVith furies rage, and force that fills
their countrey full of woe.
VVhiche force of men, or rage of warre,

macks calme the lookers on:
And bids wise heads, to quenche hotte fire,
and stande as colde as ston.
When strief would storre vp quiet state,
to striue for feeble strawes:
And leaue the loue of countries zeale,
and holde with ferraine cause.
O ENGLANDE, thou art blest in deede,
thy necke is free from yoke:
Thy armes are strong, thy body sounde,
and in good bowre be spoke,
Thy youth and age haue able ioynts,
to trie thy cause in feelde:
And as that now in troublous tymes,
the Lorde hath been thy sheelde.
So looke when comes in, cunnyng knacks,
thy whole account is made,
That plainnes shall make finenes feele,
the weight of Bilbowe blade.
More blessed than thy neighbours all,
by proof thou art as yet:

More likely art thou by that cauſe,
in peace and reſte to ſit.
More good in ſeaſon haſt thou doen,
than thouſands well can waye:
Moſte happie is thy ſtate therefore,
and ſurer ſtands thy ſtaye.
Than maieſt thou be the Kirnell ſweete,
that many wiſhe to haue:
But none can ſpoile, nor ſcarce dare touche,
ſuche grace greate God thee gaue.
That garde ſhall keepe the Kirnell long,
from worme and wicked ſoile:
And ſende good fortune ſondrie waies,
vnto this bleſſed ſoile.

FINIS.